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ODES,

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. ROBSON, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCLXXVI.

ODES.

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

LONDON:

BRITISH MUSEUM

PRINTED FOR J. ROBSON, NEW BOND STREET.

TO

MR. GEORGE ROMNEY.

WHILST you was engaged in contemplating thoſe wonderfull productions of ancient art, which ITALY is enriched with, I was tracing the ruder beauties of Nature in a domeſtic tour thro' the mountainous parts of WESTMORELAND and CUMBERLAND: You carried out with you a diſintereſted paſſion for your art, with faculties which this country hath rarely given birth to; and you return from your travels with ſome ſpecimens of ſo auſpicious a ſort, that, when encouragement ſhall provoke your genius to its full diſplay, we are perſwaded you will take rank with the firſt maſters of the higheſt province of beſt age of painting: I ſet out on my expedition with no other pretenſions than a devout reſpect for Nature in her ſublimeſt ſhapes, and ſome ſmall leanings towards the Muſe; not enough to make our intercourſe the talk of poſterity, but barely ſufficient to fill up the hour. The fruit of my tour hath been, what I fear is ſcarce worth laying at your feet, the following Irregular Ode, which was literally ſtruck out on the ſpot, and is addreſt to the Sun; for as the ſeaſon was far advanced towards winter, we had frequent temptations to invoke that luminary, who was

never very gracious to our ſuit, except whilſt we were viewing the lake of KESWICK and its accompaniments.

If I ſhould be aſked why I give that to the world and you, which I really think ſcarce worthy the acceptance of you and the world, I have only to anſwer, that if the honeſt pride of the Friend did not draw it into public, the idle vanity of the Poet would be well content to ſpare the the Preſs its pains: but the gratification of ſaying how much I reſpect your genius and eſteem your virtues, finds it an eaſy taſk to overcome the remonſtrances of Judgement, or the terrors of criticiſm.

Mr. GRAY, whoſe faculty of deſcribing can give life to ſcenes which I ſhould have conceived nothing but the pencil could convey, hath left behind him a Journal, for which we are indebted to his candid friend and editor. This Journal refers to all the ſcenes hinted at in the following Ode; and being a book in every body's hands, makes it unneceſſary for me to trouble the Reader with any attempts of my own by way of notes, which with the beſt poems ſeldom accord, and in my inſtance might have been a hazardous experiment.

How it came to paſs, that this enchanting diſplay of ſublime and beautiful objects could extort nothing more than a proſaic deſcription from a poetical pen, I am at a loſs to gueſs. I have been favoured with a

Manuſcript

Manuſcript of the late ingenious Dr. BROWNE, which I had the privilege of inſerting in this publication, and ſhould ſo have done, but that I found it had already got forth into the world, and was in print: It is touched with great ſpirit, and in a glowing ſtile, which gradually kindles till it breaks forth into the following rhapſody, which I believe hath hitherto eſcaped publication:

Now ſunk the Sun, now Twilight ſunk, and Night
Rode in her zenith; nor a paſſing breeze
Sigh'd to the groves, which in the midnight air
Stood motionleſs, and in the peaceful floods
Inverted hung: For now the billow ſlept
Along the ſhore, nor heav'd the deep, but ſpread
A ſhining mirror to the Moon's pale orb,
Which, dim and waining, o'er the ſhadowy cliffs,
The ſolemn woods and ſpiry mountain-tops
Her glimmering faintneſs threw: Now every eye,
Oppreſs'd with toil, was drown'd in deep repoſe;
Save that the unſeen ſhepherd in his couch,
Prop'd on his crook, heard liſ'ning by the fold,
And gau'd the ſtarry vault and pendant moon;
Nor voice nor ſound broke on the deep ſerene,
But the ſoft murmur of ſwift-guſhing rills,
Forth-iſſuing from the mountain's diſtant ſteep,
(Unheard till now, and now ſcarce heard) proclaim'd
All things at reſt, and imag'd the ſtill voice
Of quiet whiſpering to the ear of Night.

In

In fine, ſays Dr. BROWNE, *this accumulation of beauty and immenſity tends not only to excite rapture but reverence; for my part I make an annual voyage to Keſwick, not only as an innocent amuſement, but a religious act. I walk forth in this ſtupendous ſcene, as into the grandeſt earthly temple of the Creator; and as I take my progreſs thro' its ſeveral parts, often break forth with the divine Pſalmiſt in that grateful exclamation—*

" O LORD, how manifold are thy works; in wiſdom haſt thou made " them all."

What I have here inſerted is taken from a letter to a friend, and is a valuable ſpecimen of the author. As for the minute delineations, which ſome travellers affect to give of ſcenes that come under their contemplation, they ſeldom convey to my apprehenſion any map of the place they deſcribe. To you perhaps, whoſe pictures are language, language may be a picture; and as I know you can paint our very words, words may in return paint that to you, of which a leſs intuitive mind takes no conception; the bulk of mankind however collect little from theſe deſcriptions but the amuſement of reading them; and the moſt they can effect is to refreſh the memories of them, who have been on the ſpot, or to inſpire thoſe, who have not been, with a reſolution of going thither. And in truth a more pleaſing tour than theſe lakes hold out to men of leiſure and curioſity cannot be deviſed. We penetrate the *Glacieres*, traverſe the *Rhone* and the *Rhine*, whilſt our own domeſtic lakes of *Ulſwa-*

ter,

ter, *Keſwick* and *Wyndermere* exhibit ſcenes in ſo ſublime a ſtile, with ſuch beautiful colourings of rock, wood and water, backed with ſo tremendous a diſpoſition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views in Europe, yet they are indiſputably ſuch as no *Engliſh* traveller ſhould leave behind him, provided he be one, who, with my *Author*, loves

" To follow nature in her ſimple haunts,
" With early ſteps to climb the ſhaggy ſide
" Of ſome hoar cliff and meet the dewy breath
" Of morning, iſſuing from the flowery vale:
" Or ſoft reclining on the moſſy turf
" Careleſs to lye, and, as the dimpling brook
" Steals gently on, with motionleſs regard
" To eye the floating mirror, while as faſt
" Down Meditation's ſmooth and ſilent tide
" In eaſy lapſe his tuneful moments fall,
" Clear and untroubled as the paſſing ſtream."

But the views of our young travelling gentry, as you muſt well know, are not thus directed: on the road they are couriers; in the cities they are revellers: Whilſt they are journeying there is no reſpite nor repoſe; their enquiries extend neither to right hand nor left, and ſeldom further forward than to the next *poſte*; the ſhorteſt and ſtraighteſt road to diſſipation and pleaſure is their's, all the reſt is out of the way; but if

their

their courſe ſhould neceſſarily carry them up to any thing curious in nature, if their road ſhould compel them to the banks of a torrent, or the brow of a mountain, they are aſleep, or it is dark night and they cannot ſee it, for they are in haſte, and want to be at the next great noiſy town: And now begins the plan of all their operations; here they lay in their ſtock of new cloathes, new taſte and new opinions; in return for which they barter away all their little fund of money, modeſty and religion:- Here they walk thro' palaces of pictures with as much edification as a boarding-ſchool girl would thro' the Muſeum, or an upholſterer thro' the Vatican. They have been told of the *guſto* of the *antique*, but where to find it, or how to diſtinguiſh it, they know no more than their mothers: *Virtù* however is to be purchaſed, like other ſuperfluities, and in the end their *Cicerone* lays them in for a bargain, perhaps a patch-work head of *Trajan* ſet upon a modern pair of ſhoulders, and made up with *Caracalla*'s noſe and *Nero*'s ears,

Aut curios jam dimidios, humerove minorem
Corvinum, aut Galbam auriculis naſoque carentem.

Thus equipt with theſe imperial reliques, with an veritable daubing of *Raphaelle*, copied from the very print which is given to prove its originality, and a huge *cameo* on the little finger, home they come priviledg'd *Virtuoſi*, qualified to condemn every thing that their own countrymen can produce; and thus having contributed all that in them lies

to

to disgrace their native land, they conclude their career by affecting to despise it. It is in vain that a native artist exhibits to their view the models of a *Mars* and a *Venus*, such as I am bold to say would have done credit to *Athens* in its purest age; they may * moulder in his shop for them, unless indeed they had lost a leg or an arm in the ruins of *Hadrian*'s villa, and then they would purchase them at twice the cost of the whole figures,

Miranturque nihil nisi quod Libitina sacravit.

I should be much misunderstood if this was not thought to be said with all due exceptions; much more, if I was supposed insensible to the general uses of travel: this would be only combating one prejudice with another; let both be cast aside and men and things considered in their true light: There are to be found (and may their numbers multiply!) protectors of living genius, who will admit the *Orpheus* of *Dance* and the *Ugolino* of *Reynolds* into their choicest cabinets; and I trust there will be found, with whom your Graces will find an honourable station; for sure it would be a very antipatriotic prejudice to admit the vulgar drabs of the Flemish, or the theatrical dames of the Italian artist, in

prefe-

* *It is superfluous to say this points at Mr.* Bacon; *the reader of taste will be sorry to know that these beautiful models have brought nothing but reputation to their maker.*

preference to a fairer and a chaſter progeny, for no better reaſon than becauſe thoſe were foreigners, and theſe of Engliſh parentage:

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum inlepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et præmia poſci.

This is a depravity of taſte that does real injury to the genius of the nation, and ſhould for that reaſon be combated by every * weapon that can ſerve to root out ſo noxious an infatuation.

I am, &c. &c.

R. C.

* *The readieſt weapon for this office is ridicule. Comedy could not be better employed than in holding up to view a character of the above deſcription; ſuch prejudices militate as much againſt antient Art and Science as againſt modern: I wiſh ſome of my brother dramatiſts, who have more leiſure than I have, would accept and improve upon the hint.*

ODE I.

To the SUN.

SOUL of the world, refulgent Sun,
Oh take not from my ravifht light
Thoſe golden beams of living light,
Nor, ere thy daily courſe be run,
Precipitate the Night.
Lo, where the ruſſian clouds ariſe,
Uſurp the abdicated ſkies,
And ſeize the ætherial throne;
Sullen-ſad the ſcene appears,
Huge HELVELLYN ſtreams with tears,
Hark, 'tis giant SKIDDAW's groan!
I hear terrific LAWDOOR roar,

The Sabbath of thy reign is o'er,
The anarchy's begun;
Father of light, return; break forth, refulgent Sun!

What if the rebel blaſt ſhall rend
Theſe nodding horrors from the mountain's brow——
Hither thy glad deliverance ſend,
Ah ſave the votariſt and accept the vow!
And, ſay, thro' thy diurnal round,
Where, great Spectator, haſt thou found
Such ſolemn ſoul-inviting ſhades,
Ghoſtly dells, religious glades?
Where Penitence may plant its meek abode,
And hermit Meditation meet its God.

Now by the margin of yond glaſſy deep
My penſive vigils let me keep;
There, by force of Runic ſpells,
Shake the grot where Nature dwells;
And in the witching hour of night,

Whilſt thy pale ſiſter lends her ſhadowy light,
Summon the naked wood-nymphs to my ſight.

Trembling now with giddy tread,
Preſs the Moſs on GOWDAR's head,
But lo, where ſits the bird of Jove,
Couch'd in his airy far above;
Oh, lend thine eye, thy pinion lend,
Higher, yet higher let me ſtill aſcend:
'Tis done; my forehead ſmites the ſkies,
To the laſt ſummit of the cliff I riſe;
I touch the ſacred ground,
Where ſtep of man was never found,
I ſee all Nature's rude domain around,

Peace to thy empire, queen of calm deſires,
Health crown thy hills and plenty robe thy vales,
May thy groves wave untoucht by waſtful fires,
Nor commerce croud thy lakes with ſordid ſails!

Preſs not ſo faſt upon my aking ſight
Gigantic ſhapes, nor rear you heads ſo high,
As if ye meant to war againſt the ſky,
Sons of old Chaos and primæval Night.
Such were the heights enſhrined Druids trod,
When on the cliff he hung his tow'ring cell,
Amongſt the clouds aſpired to dwell,
And half aſcended to his God.
The prim canal, the level green,
The cloſe-clipt hedge that bounds the flourint ſcene,
What rapture can ſuch forms impart
With all the ſpruce impertinence of art?

Ye pageant ſtreams, that roll in ſtate
By the vain windows of the great,
Reſt on your muddy oose and ſee
Old majeſtic Thames's force
His independant courſe,
And learn of him and nature to be free,

And you, triumphal arches, ſhrink,
Ye temples, tremble, and ye columns, ſink!
One nod from WALLAH's craggy brow
Shall cruſh the Dome
Of ſacerdotal Rome,
And lay her glittering gilded trophies low.

Now downward as I bend my eye,
What is that atom I eſpy,
That ſpeck in Nature's plan?
Great Heaven! is that a Man?
And hath that little wretch its cares,
Its freakes, its follies, and its airs;
And do I hear the inſect ſay,
"My lakes, my mountains, my domain?"
O weak, contemptible and vain!
The tenant of a day.
Say to old SKIDDAW, "Change thy place,"
Heave HELVELLYN from his baſe,
Or bid impetuous DERWENT ſtand
At the proud waving of a maſter's hand.

Now with ſilent ſtep and ſlow
Deſcend, but firſt forbear to blow,
Ye felon winds, let diſcord ceaſe,
And Nature ſeal an elemental peace:
Huſh, not a whiſper here,
Beware, for Echo on the watch
Sits with erect and liſtening ear
The ſecrets of the ſcene to catch,
Then ſwelling, as ſhe rolls around,
The hoarſe reverberated ſound,
With loud repeated ſhocks
She beats the looſe impending rocks,
Tears down the fragment big with death,
And hurls it thund'ring on the wretch beneath.

Not ſo the * Naid, ſhe defies
The faithleſs Echo, and with yelling cries
Howls on the ſummit of rude LAWDOOR's brow;

* *This alludes to the great waterfall of Lawdoor.*

Then with a deſperate leap
Springs from the rocky ſteep,
And runs enamour'd to the lake below.
So the Cambrian minſtrel ſtood
Bending o'er old CONWAY's flood,
White as foam his ſilver beard,
And loud and ſhrill his voice was heard:
All the while down SNOWDON's ſide,
Winding ſlow in dread array,
He ſaw the victor king purſue his way;
Then fearleſs ruſh'd into the foaming tide,
Curs'd him by all his idol gods and died.

Ah! where is he that ſwept the ſounding lyre,
And while he touch'd the maſter ſtring,
Bad *Ruin ſeize the ruthleſs King*
With all a prophet's fire?
Mourn him, ye naids, and ye wood-nymphs mourn,
But chiefly ye, who rule o'er KESWICK's vale,
Your viſitor bewail.

And pluck freſh laurels for his hallow'd urn,
He ſaw your ſcenes in harmony divine,
On him indulgent fate could ſhine,
Me turbid ſkies and threat'ning clouds await,
Emblems, alas! of my ignoble fate.

But ſee the embattled vapours break,
Diſperſe and fly,
Poſting like couriers down the ſky!
The grey rock glitters in the glaſſy lake,
And now the mountain tops are ſeen,
Frowning amidſt the blue ſerene,
The variegated groves appear,
Deckt in the colours of the waining year;
And, as new beauties they unfold,
Dip their ſkirts in beaming gold.
Thee, ſavage WYBORN, now I hail;
Delicious GRASMERE calm retreat,
And ſtately WYNDERMERE I greet,
And KESWICK's ſweet fantaſtick vale;

But let her naids yield to thee,
And lowly bend the ſubject knee,
Imperial lake of * Patrick's dale,
For neither Scotish Loomond's pride,
Nor ſmooth Kenmare's ſilver tide,
Nor aught that learned Pouſſin drew,
Or daſhing Rosa, fung in ſolemn lay,
Shall ſhake thy ſovereign undiſturbed right,
Great ſcene of wonder and ſublime delight!

Hail to thy beams, O Sun! for this diſplay
What, glorious orb, can I repay?
Not Memnon's coſtly ſhrine,
Not the white courſers of imperial Rome,
Nor the rich ſmoke of Perſia's hecatomb;
Such proud oblations are not mine;

* *This alludes to the Great Lake of* Ulſwater, *ſituated in* Patterdale, *i. e.* Patrick's dale, *a ſcene of grandeur and ſublimity far ſuperior in my opinion to the Lake of* Keſwick.

Nor thou my ſimple tribute ſhall refuſe,
The thanks of an unproſtituted muſe:
And may no length of ſtill returning day
Strike from thy forehead one refulgent ray;
But let each tuneful, each attendant ſphere
To lateſt time thy ſtated labours chear,
And with new Pœans crown the finiſht year.

ODE II.

TO

DR. ROBERT JAMES.

FREIND of man's feeble race, victorious Sage,
Great tamer of the fever's rage;
Thine, mighty Maſter, is the art
To heal the father's burſting heart;
'Tis thine Elijah-like to ſave
The widow's darling from the grave;
Thine in the very gaſp of death
To reſcue the convulſive breath,
And to a huſband's boſom give
Her, without whom I ceaſe to live.

Now from the chambers of the ſickly Eaſt,
Scenting the bloody human feaſt,

Hither Death's haggard family repair,
Scattering contagion thro' the troubled air:
Where'er the dread forerunners come,
Prophetic of the ſick man's doom,
The raven and the ſcreetch-owl ſing
Their boding knell, and clap the carrion wing.

And ſee, faſt bound upon her ebon bier,
Frantic *Fever* in the rear:
Round her a viſionary group
Phantoms, and dreams, and terrors troop:
Mark how ſhe rolls her ſtaring eyes;
Hark, hark, ſhe ſcreams, ſhe laughs, ſhe cries,
And now be ſtill——ſhe faints, ſhe falls, ſhe dies!

Ah no; behold, ſhe ſtarts again:
Cold, cold thro' every ſhivering vein
Runs the ſlowly-creeping pain:
'Tis paſt! thoſe fiery ſpots beſpeak
The glowing furnace in her cheek;

'Tis in her brain; it mounts, it burns,
She freezes and she flames by turns.
Now on the very throne of life
Diſtraction reigns and mortal ſtrife,
The rebel arteries beat to arms,
And ſhake her ſoul with dire alarms;
Dread horrors ſeize the toiling heart,
And circulate deſpair thro' every part.

Daughter, hell-born of ſin and death,
Paſs on and ſtop thy ſtygian breath,
Deadlier than is the fatal blaſt,
That ſweeps Numidia's ſultry waſte:
And lo, where wrapt in clouds and fire,
Follows thy gaunt and ghaſtly ſire:
On his pale ſteed erect the monarch ſtands,
His dirk and javelin glittering in his hands;
This from a diſtance deals the ignoble blow,
And that diſpatches the reſiſting foe:
Whilſt all beneath him, as he flies,
Dire are the toſſings, deep the cries,
The landſcape darkens, and the ſeaſon dies.

Oh thou, to whom ſuch healing power is giv'n,
The delegate, as we believe, of heaven;
Here take thy interpoſing ſtand;
Here wave thy medicated wand;
Or leave a charm to guard my door,
'Till the conſuming plague be o'er.
—— But hark! what groan is this I hear?
Sad tidings for a father's ear;
See, where all pale my lov'd ELIZA ſtands,
Claſpt in mute anguiſh her ſubmitted hands,
Anguiſh too genuine to ſeek
Acquaintance with the blabbing cheek;
In her ſoft eye one ray of hope appears,
A Chriſtian's hope tempering a mother's fears;
Theſe downward on her dying Son are bent,
This upward with her pray'rs to Heav'n's high throne is ſent.

And now with calm deliberate tread
I reach the fever-tainted bed;

Ah, luckleſs innocent, is that the hue,
Which Nature's rofeat pencil drew?
Ah, chang'd alas, is that the face,
Where bloom'd of late ſuch youthful grace?
Accurſed fever, why unpray'd,
My gentle unoffending Boy?
Rather why didſt thou not direct
The full-gorg'd glutton at his feaſt?
Or in a drunken revel ſmite
The lewd profaner of the night?
No, theſe ſhall live, and Nature's foil
Repair what foul intemperance ſpoils,
And health and hope ſhall deign to dwell
With harden'd convicts in their cell,
While ſleep, which from his guiltleſs pillow flies,
Shall cloſe (O ſtrange to tell!) the gaoler's haggard eyes.

Is there no drug to cool that burning breaſt?
No chance for one ſhort moment's reſt?
Is there no hope?—'Tis paſt I ſee,
Art can no more: the reſt is left for me.

Come then, this wonder-working charm receive;
The laſt commaud thy father hath to give:
The dying youth all o'er convuls'd they raiſe,
He to the laſt the well-known voice obeys;
The mother aids the draught, and, as ſhe aids it, prays.

Soft awhile! let all be ſtill,
And wait high Heav'n's diſpoſing will.
Now in each other's eyes we ſtare
With looks, that aſk if Hope be there;
Mean while the magic drug, at ſtrife
With the deteſted foe of life,
Runs to the heart, mounts to the brain,
And viſits each corrupted vein;
Wherever it comes bids tumult ceaſe,
And hail the meſſenger of peace.

Now, lengthening on the liſt'ning ear,
The ſoft ſubſiding ſigh we hear;
His breath, a wint'ry ſtorm before,
That loudly laſh'd the ſounding ſhore,

Now ſinks into a ſoft repoſe,
That gently lifts the ſwelling ſeas;
O'er his parch'd ſkin a healthful dew appears,
The ſtern diſtemper ſheds repentant tears;
He ſmiles, he turns, he ſleeps—Oh joy!—Begone, my fears!

Haſte then, my Muſe, tear down the oaken bough,
To crown the great Phyſician's brow;
See that the myſtic branch is broke
From ſage Apollo's delphic oak;
Then, dripping from Caſtalia's ſpring,
Hither the civic garland bring;
And as your tuneful fingers tye
The votive chaplet, raiſe on high
Your ſounding notes; provoke again
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain;
Then to the temple of immortal Fame,
And on the brighteſt tablet ſtamp his living name.

FINIS.

By the same Author, will be published,

A N

Historical and Critical Account of the DRAMA

of the ANTIENTS,

Particularly of the GREEKS.

The whole collected from CLASSICAL RECORDS *and* AUTHORITIES.

To which will be added,

Some Observations on the ENGLISH STAGE, *with Propositions for the Promotion and Encouragement of* DRAMATIC GENIUS *in the present Age.*

To be had of the Editor.

A few remaining copies of the BANISHMENT *of* CICERO, *a Tragedy; also of a* LETTER *to the Lord Bishop of* OXFORD.